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THE DINNER HORN

By
WILLIAM T. DUMAS.

ILLUSTRATED AND PUBLISHED

By
PAUL J. HILL.

MACON, GA.



PAUL J. HILL

(1893)

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Macon, Ga.

1893

LEVYTYPE COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA
ENGRAVERS
AND
PRINTERS

To my Sister,

Miss Carrie Edwards Hill,

These Sketches are Lovingly Dedicated.

PAUL T. HILL.



THE DINNER HORN.

By William T. Dumas.

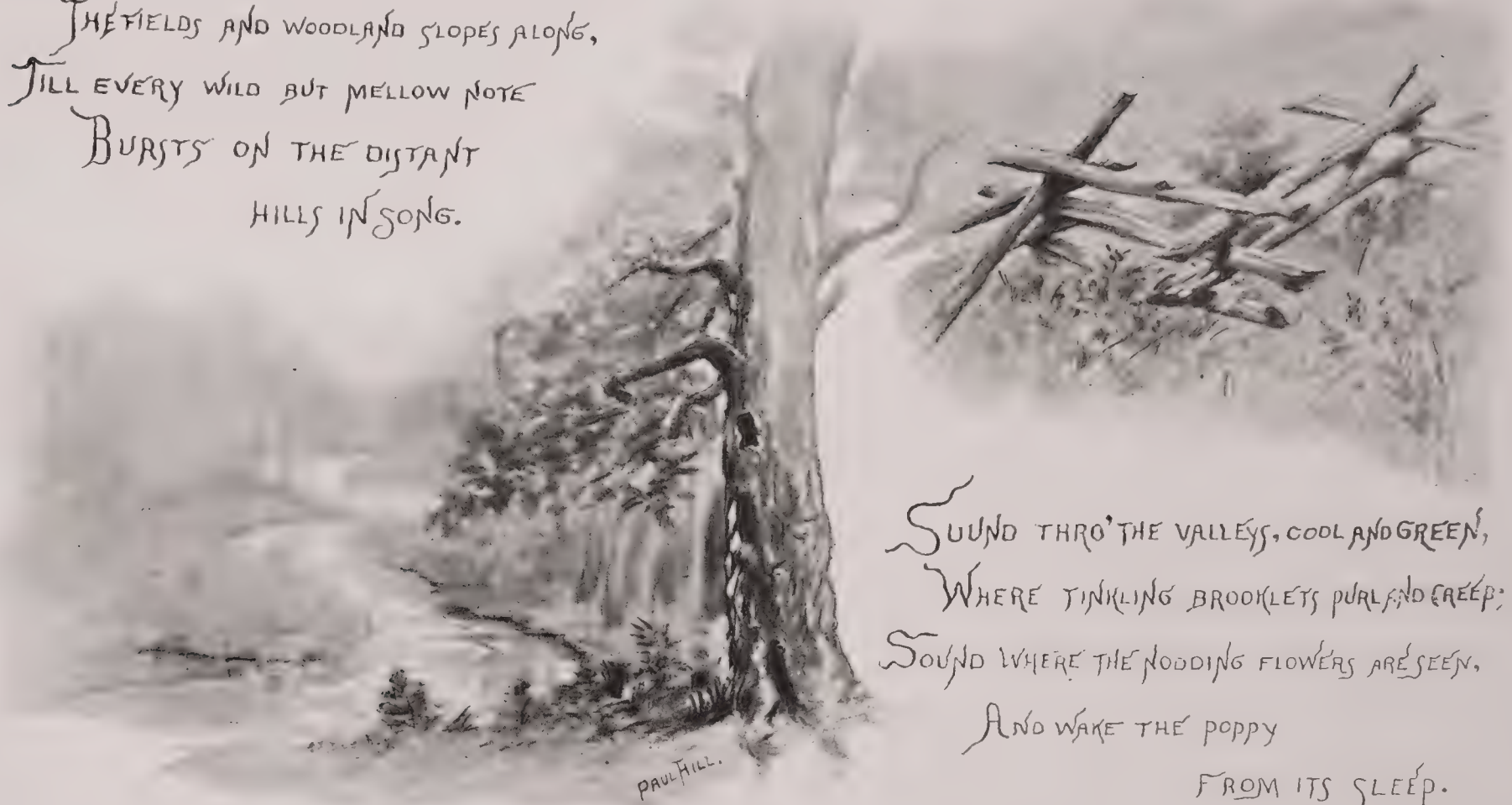
When lazy dials point to noon,
And clocks are chiming out the hour;
When sable Phillis goes to croon,
And pigeons nod upon
the tower,

Black Tom beneath the spreading
tree
That shades the pleasant farm-
house yard,
Looks out across the shimmering sea,
And blows the bugle
long and hard.



BLOW, BUGLER, LET THE ECHOES FLOAT
THE FIELDS AND WOODLAND SLOPES ALONG,
TILL EVERY WILD BUT MELLOW NOTE
BURSTS ON THE DISTANT
HILLS IN SONG.

SOUND THRO' THE VALLEYS, COOL AND GREEN,
WHERE TINKLING BROOKLETS PURLE AND CREEP;
SOUND WHERE THE NODDING FLOWERS ARE SEEN,
AND WAKE THE POPPY
FROM ITS SLEEP.



PAUL HILL.



WHERE CATTLE DRINK BY SHADY STREAMS.

WHERE WAVE THE YELLOW FIELDS OF WHEAT,

WHERE PLOWBOYS DRIVE THEIR SWEATING TEAMS,

SEND OUT THY NOTE PROLONGED

AND SWEET.

P. S. 171

THE LAB'ER CASTS ASIDE HIS HOE,
THE HORSE, DELIGHTED, 'GINS TO NEIGH;
WHAT SAYS THE BUGLE, WELL THEY KNOW,
ALTHOUGH IT SPEAKS A MILE AWAY:



Come to thee cool and dripping well.
And at its mossy curb-stone kneel,
And lave thy sweaty face a spell.
And eat the simple
noonday
meal.



" There's cider from the oaken press
Mid in the cellar
dark
and
old;



There's
many a sweet you cannot guess.
There's tempting cream the hue of gold."

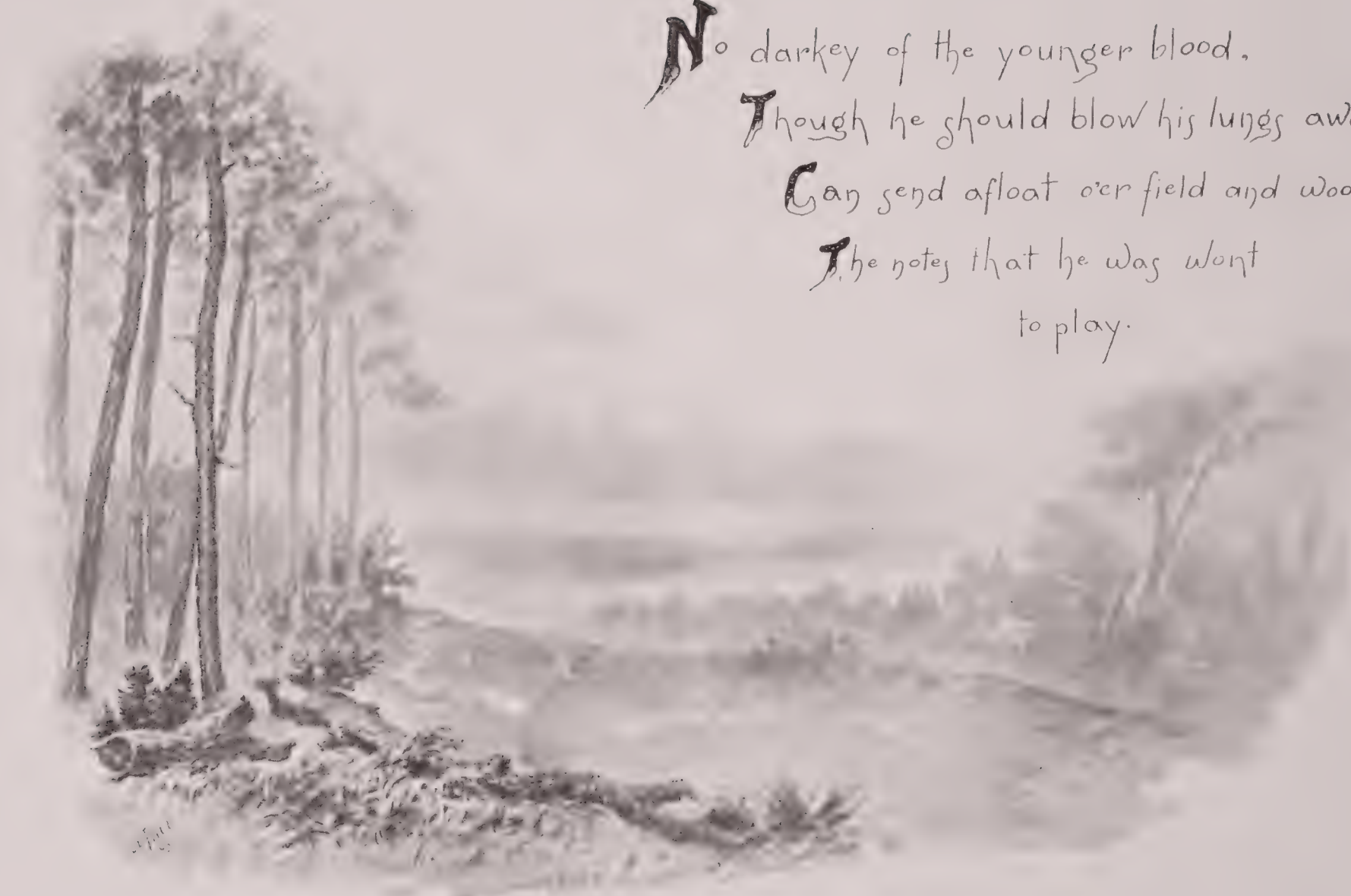


Sing. bugle, sing with
all thy power.
And let thy last note be the best;
Thou hast announced the golden hour,
The noonday's hour of
drowsy rest.



O bugle of the good old days,
Forever silent in the South,
Poor Tom has grown too weak to raise
Unto his lips thy mellow mouth.

PAUL HILL



No darkey of the younger blood,
Though he should blow his lungs away,
Can send afloat o'er field and wood
The notes that he was wont
to play.



The songs the red-lipped maidens sing
Along my pulses bound and thrill:
They charm, but no such pictures bring
As that old bugle
on the
hill.



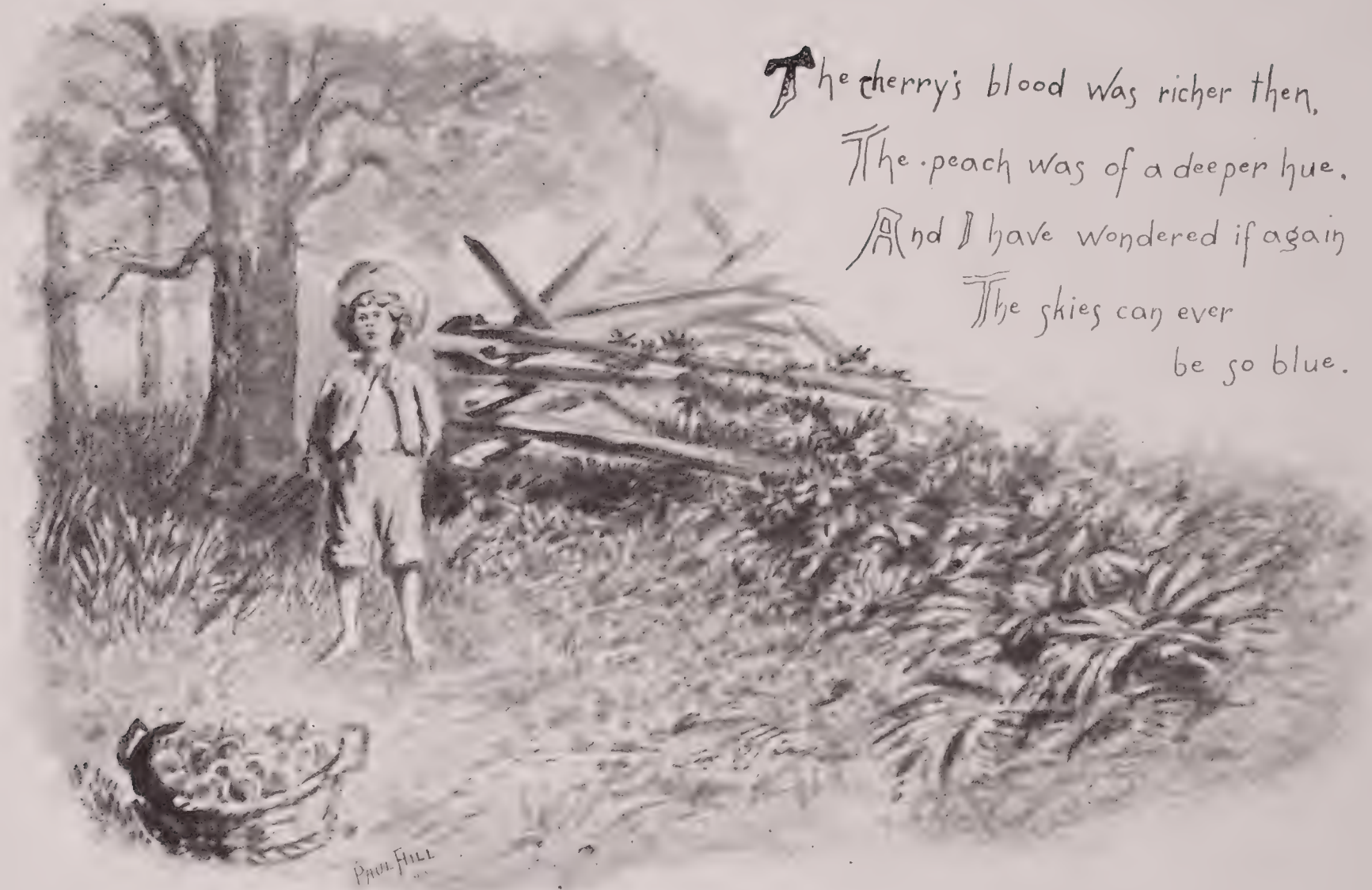
I seem again with blushing June
To stand amid the fields of corn
Whene'er, thro' languid airs of noon,
I hear the distant
bugle-horn.

AND, OH! I SIGH FOR BOYHOOD'S TIME,
FOR OUR OLD HOMESTEAD ON THE HILL,
AND FOR THE DROWSY, DRONING RHYME
SUNG BY THE BUSY WATER-MILL.



PAUL HILL

The cherry's blood was richer then,
The peach was of a deeper hue.
And I have wondered if again
The skies can ever
be so blue.



Ah, could I be again a boy
And could I be where I was born
I'd kiss thy lips with reverent joy.
And hug thee, battered
bugle horn.



H16 ⁸⁹~~88~~





